

## SHE SPOKE AT LAST.

Once upon a time there lived a king who had an immense garden. Its paths were strewn with gayly colored sand, in the niches of its yew tree hedge stood white marble statues, and strange flowers of burning colors surrounded the grass plots. But in the middle of the garden was a pond, in the center of which was a group of fish tailed sea gods, who, sitting upon speckled dolphins, were blowing their shell trumpets.

All the world admired this garden. There was only one person whom it did not please. This was the king's young and most beautiful daughter. Those shameless heathen gods frightened her, and she always avoided the garden.

Therefore the king, who loved his daughter above all the world, sent for a young gardener who had traveled through many lands and had seen many splendid things and commanded him to make a new garden in place of the old one. He wished to make a present of it to the princess on her birthday.

The gardener did his best. He dug and chopped, and he planted. Sunshine and rain did their part also, and when the birthday came the gardener stood at the entrance gate and held a salver, on which he offered to the princess the golden keys to the garden. Followed by courtiers and ladies in waiting, the princess then made a tour of the garden.

The heart of the king's daughter leaped within her for joy. She forsook the gravel walk and sprang lightly over the lawn, so that her court ladies had difficulty in keeping up with her. But with measured tread and a frequent shake of the head the court duchess followed the frolicsome young people. A nodding rose twig had stuck in her powdered hair as she passed. She thought the new garden hideous.

Now, the princess was nearing the spot where the marble basin had formerly had a place. Today there lay a tiny, smiling green lake.

"Oh, how charming!" exclaimed the princess, and the ladies repeated the word after her.

Then a dreadful thing happened. A fat, green frog, which was sitting in the reeds looking out for water ladies, being disturbed by the rustle of silken garments, made a great jump and plunged into the water so violently that the drops spurted up.

Every one screamed, and the princess sank down, all pale, upon the ground. Now the court-duchess hastened her steps and was shocked to see what had happened. Luckily musk and smelling salts were easily found. The fainting girl soon came to herself, but fright had taken away her power of speech. With disturbed faces and shaking with anxiety the ladies in waiting carried her back to the palace.

In honor of the princess the townspeople had decked their houses with greens and gay flags, but when the midday hour chimed they removed all signs of decoration, for Dame Rumor announced that the king's daughter had suddenly become dumb.

And unhappily this was no empty hearsay.

The princess had long recovered from her fright. She could eat and drink, but no word passed her lips. She had lost the power of speech.

Physicians came to her side. They caused all the circumstances to be told them, put their heads together and wrote long prescriptions. The patient swallowed obediently drops, pills and powders, but the power of speech did not return.

The whole court was draped in mourning. But the old king, who was usually so mild and kind, foamed with rage. He ordered all the frogs in his kingdom to be killed and set a price of a farthing on the head of every frog, and he threw the gardener into prison. Of what use was it all! The princess remained dumb.

Days, weeks and months passed by. Physicians collected there from all corners of the globe. What one ordered the other always condemned, but not one of them could give back to the king's daughter her power of speech. Wise women and clever shepherds were also sent for. Even Master Hammerlein, the executioner, was commanded to come. They plied their strange and secret remedies, but none of them could help her.

In the meantime the poor gardener was in a sorry plight. He had hoped for a rich reward, and now he was lying in chains and could behold neither sun nor moon. But his old mother was still living in the homestead, and she was a clever woman of much experience. When she heard what had happened to her son, she tied up her bundle and wandered off to the king's town. When she arrived there, she betook herself to the prison and implored the turnkey with such moving words that he at last led her into the prison.

The mother and son remained alone together for half an hour. Then the old woman sobbed off. But when the warder brought his jug of water to the young man he was walking about his cell, with his head high, whistling a tune.

Next day he demanded to be taken before the king. He claimed that he possessed the remedy which would restore the power of speech to the princess.

The princess had been obliged that same day to undergo a great deal. First she had been pricked with red-hot needles by a foreign doctor. At this she had groaned and sobbed, but not a word had she spoken. After that she had been given, at the advice of an old herb doctor, the heart, brain and tongue of a magpie, and this was also quite useless. Now the princess was lying, pale and languid, on a couch, so exhausted that she had closed her eyes.

They brought the gardener to her side. His chains were clanking, but he walked erect and seemed in good spirits.

"Try your art," said the king, "and if you can cure her you shall receive the Order of the Green Crocodile and as much gold as you can carry."

The gardener went to the invalid's couch, made her sit up, which she did willingly, took her little white hand in his and gazed into her tired eyes.

"Poor little princess," he then said, "So unhappy and only one and twenty years old."

Then a slight blush covered the princess' countenance, her bosom rose and fell painfully, and from her lips burst the words, "Not yet 19."

The power of speech had returned to her. But the king wept tears of joy, in which the whole court joined him.—From the German.

## Life of a Patent.

A patent granted in the United States for an invention which has been previously patented in a foreign country will be limited in time as to expire with the foreign patent; or, if there be more than one foreign patent, the right in the United States will expire with the last foreign patent which has the shortest term. In no case, however, will a United States patent be continued in force for a greater period than 21 years.

## A Superstitious Fairy.

A young business man went home the other evening with a very fine feather duster for his wife, who is a practical housekeeper, albeit she is also a graduate of Vassar and well up in all the lams and elegies of the day. It must be remembered that the conversation which ensued was not held in the dark ages, but in the present enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

"Here's something you'll appreciate, Maud," he said as he began to undo the numerous wrappings. "There was only one, and it came over in two ships."

"What in the world is it, you dear, old thing?" cried Maud, dancing around him.

"Guess, sweetheart."

"Oh, I know! It's a new umbrella for my birthday."

"Nothing of the sort. Shut your eyes. Now open them. There!"

An immense duster of magnificent peacock feathers, released from its sheath of wrappings, was flourished before the young woman's eyes. She gave one look at it, then burst out crying.

"Oh, you cruel boy! When you know how u-n-l-u-c-k-y it is to have peacock feathers in the house, and what dreadful trouble it makes to g-g-ive any one feathers!" sobbed Maud.

"Then you don't want this feather duster?"

"Not for the world!"

"Maud!"

"Claude!"

"I have a great mind to throw this out of the window."

"I wish you would, dear. We'll never have any luck with it in the house."

And the man who, going home late that night, picked it up has been congratulating himself ever since on his lucky find.—Detroit Free Press.

## Wit of a Scotch Lunatic.

This lunatic asylum story comes from Glasgow: Two councilors of that city were taken over a large asylum the other day by one of the patients, a safe man. He had led them to a room to display a view from a window, when some one shut the door, with its self acting lock, and the three men were prisoners. The patient alone preserved his composure. While the councilors clamored to be released he remarked:

"If I were you, I would be quiet."

No help coming, the councilors grew desperate. Beads of perspiration stood on their brows, and they fairly yelled.

"If I were you," repeated the patient soothingly, "I would keep quiet."

"But we're no daft," pleaded one of the visitors.

"Hoots, mon, that's what I said masel' when I was brocht in!"—New York Tribune.

## Labor and Wealth.

Labor in some form is the means by which the true wealth of a nation is increased, and it ought to be the means used to increase the wealth of any individual. The varieties of labor are so numerous that every healthy man and woman can choose from among them, but to try to obtain money, much or little, without rendering in some way a fair equivalent for it is to live a life of dependence, which is equally disgraceful and unwholesome. New York Ledger.

## Servant Law.

It will surprise most people to know that there is an English law to punish servants who invite their friends into their masters' houses. It seems the intruders can be charged with being "unexpected persons," and the servant who admits them with aiding and abetting them.—London Queen.

The first spelling book printed in this country was entitled "The American Spelling Book," by Noah Webster. It was issued in 1783, and for considerably more than half a century was the standard work used in all American schools.

## John R. McLean's Great Newspaper.

Without a single exception, there is beyond doubt no greater or more popular newspaper in the United States than the Cincinnati Enquirer; or a more successful publisher than its proprietor, Mr. John R. McLean.

The old-time prices for the Daily Enquirer have been maintained, and its circulation largely increased each year; hard times and cheaper journals failing to arrest its onward march and high appreciation of the public for its true worth and merit.

The Weekly Enquirer at beginning of the campaign year was offered at 50 cents a year, and its circulation increased by the addition of over 200,000 new subscribers; the most substantial and coveted testimonial a publisher could desire.

When asked for the secret of such success, Mr. McLean frankly answers: The Enquirer has no opinions to force upon its patrons, it simply prints the news and tells the truth that the reader may form his own opinions. By giving the price of the paper, the news and greater variety can be had, and every class of business is catered to, which a cheaper paper cannot afford.

Every liberal support given the Enquirer by the public at large, makes it a potent factor upon the management of the country, and it is withal and end in the minor matters as well as in the greater magnitude.

## TURNING THE TABLES.

Wanted Her Husband's Opinion About Many Trivial Points of Dress.

A certain up town Cleveland is the happy possessor of a marital interest in a very pretty and accomplished lady. She is fond of nice clothes and always looks well dressed, and her husband is just as proud of her as he should be. But from a technical point of view he knows nothing whatever about her garments, and it bothers him greatly when she assumes that he does. She fires broadsides of questions at him whenever she is dressing to accompany him. "George, how does my skirt hang?" "Is it too long in front?" "Does my belt cover the pins?" "Do you think this gown is becoming?" "Is my collar down at the back?" "Are there any wrinkles in this waist?" "Is my hat on straight?" These and a hundred other interrogations are fired at him at short intervals. If he doesn't pay close attention she gets cross. So he pretends to listen carefully, and answers glibly, although always at random.

The other day a neat way of getting even dawned upon him. When he was dressing that night for a party, he suddenly called his wife from the adjoining room.

"Alma," he said, "do you think these new trousers hang just as gracefully as they should?"

"Why, George," she said, "I don't know anything about it. Why do you bother me?"

"Hold on," said George, "I was wondering if this shirt bosom sits quite right?"

"Of course it does," snapped Alma. "And these shoes—do you really think they are becoming to my complexion?"

"What a silly question."

"And—hold on, Alma—isn't the coat a little long in the tails—on one side, I mean—and can't you pin it up?"

"Why, George, I never heard you talk such nonsense. You haven't been drinking, have you?"

"And—just wait a minute, Alma."

He quickly raised his silk hat from the dresser and clapped it on the back of his head. "Now, dear, please pay attention. Is my hat on straight?"

Then she understood his wicked little game.

They walked together in silence until they came within sight of their destination, and the deeply wounded Alma managed to stammer:

"Well, George, you mean old thing, is my hat really and truly on straight?" Whereat they both laughed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## "STONE OF SCONE."

The Enterprising Schoolboy Who Slept In the Coronation Chair.

It is a long walk from the dining room of the Westminster school to the coronation chair, which stands behind the old stone screen just back of the altar in the abbey, but there is an interesting connection between the two. This chair, as is well known, is a rude, heavy oak chair, much worn by time. It contains the "Stone of Scone" and was made by the order of Edward I in 1297, and every English sovereign since then has sat in it to be crowned.

A stout railing in front of the chair restrains the crowd of visitors from coming near, but if they were allowed to cut boldly into the solid oak seat in such sprawling letters as the schoolboy's knife makes upon his desk, "P. Abbott slept in this chair Jan. 4, 1801." P. Abbott, it seems, was a Westminster schoolboy, and a tradition, which there is every reason to believe is true, tells that he made a wager with a schoolmate that he dare stay in the abbey all night alone.

In order to win his wager he hid in some corner of the old building until the doors were locked for the night and thus was left alone there. Fearing, however, that when morning came the boy with whom he had made the bet would disbelieve his statement that he had won it, he determined to have some proof of the fact, and so spent the hours of the early morning in carving on the coronation chair the sentence which, even now, nearly a century after, bears witness for him. It is disappointing that the tradition does not record just what form and amount of punishment was visited upon the lad for his escapade, and that history does not tell us of his later years. I wonder whether the courage and grit which this deed manifested foretold an energetic, successful life or was dissipated in mere bravado.—Max Bennett Thrasher in St. Nicholas.

## The Newest Envelope.

Opening an envelope by pulling a string is the latest labor saving device. Like all simple contrivances, it seems queer no one thought of it before, but that doesn't impair its usefulness.

Any envelope can be equipped with the opener. An ordinary piece of thread is inserted at the top of the flap, and when the fold is made the thread projects from one end. To open the envelope all that is necessary to do is to pull back the thread.

This envelope opener is a New York invention, and it promises to be very popular with the busy business man.

## Silly Question.

When a man has lost his pocketbook or a gold dollar, the question asked him by nine people out of ten is, "Where did you lose it?" And this is always a very soothing question to the loser, because if he knew where he lost the article it is not reasonable to suppose that he would be looking in 40 different places to find it.—London Tit-Bits.

Jerusalem has been partly or wholly burned 17 times, each great conflagration being kindled when the city was taken by a besieging force.

Hebrew figures place the date of the flood at B. C. 2340.

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Toys, dolls, carriages, wagons, baby houses, dishes, drums, chairs, guns, ships, desks, watches, tambourines, accordions, vases, sideboards, carts, sleighs, trains, bedsteads, cradles, bureaus, trumpets, dancing figures, whips, games, puzzles, rockers, wheelbarrows.

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## ASSIGNEE'S SALE

—OF—  
**Bourbon Co. Land**

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

N. S. Brooks, Plaintiff,  
vs.  
I. R. Best, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment of sale made and entered in the above styled case on the 17th of December, 1896, I will, on

**SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1897,**

sell at public out-cry to the highest bidder, at 2:30 p. m., on the premises, that certain tract of land lying on the Ardrey Turnpike within one mile of Millersburg, the property of I. R. Best, and particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a stake in the old dirt road leading from Paris to Millersburg and corner to J. A. Miller and Mrs. Champ, thence with said road in the middle thereof S. 89 W. 12 poles, S. 74 W. 56 poles, S. 83 W. 28 poles, S. 77 W. 74 poles, S. 70 W. 30.72 poles to a stake in S. Colville's line and corner to Mrs. Champ, thence with said Colville's line S. 42 E. 97 poles to a stake corner to said Colville, thence N. 61 E. 80 poles to a stake standing N. 67 E. 110-100 poles from a black ash and N. 23 E. 1 pole from a hickory thence N. 81 E. 76 poles to a stake in J. A. Miller's line thence N. 14 W. 20 poles to a stake, a corner to J. A. Miller, thence N. 12 W. 50 poles to the beginning, containing 83 acres and 20 poles, being the same land conveyed to I. R. Best, by R. T. Milam and wife.

Acting under said order I will be required to take from the purchaser bonds for the amount of \$3,241.32 and interest from Dec. 6, 1896, due and payable to N. S. Brooks six and twelve months from date and day of sale and bonds due and payable to Mollie E. Bryan for \$112.27 payable in six and twelve months from day and date of sale, or the purchaser may pay cash to said Brooks for the amount of her claim and to the said Bryan for the amount of her claim at purchaser's option. For the residue of the purchase money above the claims of Brooks and Bryan the purchaser will be required to give bond payable to me six and twelve months after date, or pay cash at purchaser's option.

This tract of land is one of the best for small farming to be found in Central Kentucky. The soil is of the Cane Ridge variety, exceedingly productive. It is within one and one-half miles of Millersburg, a village of schools, and located upon a good Turnpike road. Prospective purchasers, by calling upon Mr. Frank Insko, now residing on the place, will be shown over the farm.

**HARMON STITT,**

Assignee of I. R. BEST.  
A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.



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